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Sam Weller and David Copperfield, will appear in a detached fashion side by side with my Uncle Toby and Corporal Lefevre, poor Maria, and the starling that couldn't get out, while "Martin Chuzzlewit," "The Pickwick Papers," and "The Old Curiosity Shop," move slowly but surely towards the oblivion that has long since swallowed up "Tristram Shandy" and "A Sentimental Journey,"—the oblivion of books which no gentleman's library should be without. Whether Dickens's place in those shadowy ranks is as secure as Sterne's it is too soon to predict.

CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND.

WOMEN AS HUMAN BEINGS.

PEOPLE who recollect the woman's rights conventions of forty years ago have not forgotten how often the rallying-cry of these was "The Divine Right of Woman to Possess Herself."

To-day she is in full and undisputed possession of the coveted object. For good or for evil her individuality is her own. If ignorance or prejudice peeps or mutters from the dust, the remonstrance is as little heeded by her in her stately march as the chirp of a cricket or the writhing of a maimed beetle.

In this new day—the era of the coming woman, and of the woman who has come—due praise has not been awarded to the magnanimity of the men through whose graceful renunciation of preconceived ideas we have entered into the kingdom which was once held as exclusively theirs. Every door at which we have knocked has been unbolted, and courtesy that honors our common humanity has awaited us upon the threshold. More men are, in this year of Our Lord, 1892, willing to share the responsibility of suffrage with women than there are women who are willing and ready to accept the franchise. Protest against and jeremiads over the wrongs of women in the last decade of our century may rank with the tears shed by Mark Twain at the tomb of Adam. To the impartial observer, organization for armed defence against renewed tyranny would seem as senseless as Ku-Klux meetings in rural Delaware or Massachusetts.

Opposed to this array of evidence that the war is over, we have the fact that never before in the history of woman's emancipation, or of the world, have associations for the advancement of the sex—as *such*—been so rife as now. Women's corporations for every conceivable purpose—commercial, educational, religious, social, philanthropic—increase and prevail until they threaten to cover the face of the earth. We asked of man oneness and equality, and he gave it—for room to work at his side and upon his level, and he kept not back. Instead of falling into step with him, we strain ingenuity to demonstrate our unlikeness to him, and we accentuate the accident of sex until we make sex into a species. That our big brother, in surveying all this, is not betrayed into wicked gibes in the which Jeshurun might come well to the front, is referable to fear, to amazement—or to the finer attribute mentioned just now.

Our admitted claim that there is no sex in intellect is vitiated by our insistence upon feminine achievements in the realm of science and art as phenomenal. When a woman paints a picture, or sings a song, or plants an orange-grove, or opens a haberdashery, or endows a professorship, the act

is catalogued among feats for the admiration of the public. "See or what a manumitted serf is capable!" is the tone, if not the language of such advertisement.

Every daily newspaper has a woman's page,—a paddock safe and clean, about which imagination constructs a fence upon the principle commended to his hired man by the thrifty Scotchman: "Use but one rail, but let that be sae high th' cawves canna loun ower it, and sae low that they canna stoop under it." Of the making of women's journals and magazines there is no end, and likely to be none. These are usually close corporations,—written by women, edited by women, and once in a good many whiles published by women. Upon the subscription books the names of men sustain in numbers the same relation to those prefixed by "Miss" or "Mrs." that bread held to sack in Falstaff's memorandum. The choice of topics is restricted to such as bear directly upon the progress of one sex; the quality of the pabulum offered for mental digestion is warranted wholesome, but the word is open to criticism if an element of wholesomeness be the power to create intellectual brawn and moral backbone.

Let me guard what may be mistaken for sneering hypercriticism by saying that, as trade-journals, each of the legion of domestic organs devoted to the housewife, the housekeeper and the like, has in its sphere and uses a *raison d'être* as excellent as that of *The Consumer's Journal*, or *The Wheelman*, or *Outing*. It is in the realm of general literature that the distinction of sex becomes invidious. It is when gender begs the question of praise or patronage that unfairness verges upon injustice. There is, for example, no more reason why Mrs. Jones of the corner-grocery should demand custom by virtue of her sex than that Mr. Smith, on the next block, should attract trade because of a slight limp, or Mr. Robinson, across the way, because he is a married man. Each should be judged by the quality of what he offers for sale, and by his diligence in business.

Woman—with a capital letter—should by now have ceased to be a specialty. There should be no more need of "movements" in her behalf, and agitations for her advancement and development considered apart from the general good of mankind, than for the abolition of negro slavery in the United States. "For what a man"—and presumably a woman—"hath, doth he yet seek after?" With the world of knowledge and opportunity thrown open to her, it argues little for her ambition and less for her ability to grasp cardinal principles that she elects to build fences about her reservation, and expends time and forces in patrolling precincts nobody cares to attack. "I am glad the question for discussion to-day does not contain the word 'woman,'" said a member of a celebrated literary club. "I am weary of the pretentious dissyllable, and satiated with incessant twaddle of 'woman's progress,' 'woman's work for woman,' and the ninety-and-nine variations upon the one string. By this time we ought to be *there* if we are ever to arrive. I am half-sick of womanhood! I want to be a human being."

A glance at the schedule of topics brought up for debate in like organizations in every township and city will justify the stricture.

(Is it a digression here to note that the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition is to be as distinctly separate from those in which the products of masculine brains and skill are exhibited as if what is therein collected had been sent by an alien people across the sea?)

The "pull-all-together" that climaxes the three essentials to success in

any emprise is indispensable in the upward toil of humanity towards the highest ideals.

" You in your small corner,
And I in mine,"

while well enough in the nursery jingle, is the extreme of puerility when applied to grown-up Christians.

Can it be—as is sometimes slyly insinuated—that the stock in trade of the pioneers in the "movement" having been distrust of the other sex, their occupation would be gone were we to deny them the harmless tilt at wind-mills in dust of their own raising? Has the habit of girding at our limitations in the shape of iniquitous laws and social prejudice grown so strong with the centuries that we are incapable of perceiving our altered status? In an age when we can make, keep, lose, and bequeath money as freely as our fathers and husbands; when we can be educated in the same university with our brothers; can practise medicine, law and theology; fill chairs of philosophy and literature; and travel alone and respected around the globe—our swaddling-bands are of our own making.

Is the fault in all this inherent in the texture and conditions of the feminine mind? It is scarcely a slur upon our sex to say that affection and ideality combine to shorten our views of certain fields of thought and action. Present a philanthropic scheme to a woman, and she forthwith sees in it her especial *protégé* of orphan, widow, or drunkard. The abstract is less to her than empty air. If she cannot lay hold of a ready-made concrete, she forms one, and takes it to her heart rather than to her head. It is altogether possible that women love women so loyally as to recognize in whatever tends to elevate humankind but another round in the ladder lately set up from earth to heaven for their feet. In politics they would be State-rights partisans instead of patriots.

A witty philanthropist said the other day that she was bound upon a mission to the neglected rich, not to the petted poor. Perhaps our appeal for a broader humanity on the part of those whose influence upon the morals and religion of the nation cannot be overestimated, might, in the like spirit, be made in behalf of our brethren and companions according to the flesh. A cogent argument of advanced thinkers who contend for higher education and political privileges for women is that she will ennoble and purify coarser natures; she is to introduce into the college the amenities of polite society; at the polls her presence will be the latter-day Una to the lion of party passion. With intellect trained to grapple with problems that tax men's best powers, she will bring her subtle intuitions to the logician's aid; the scimitar will second the cleaver's blow. Their studies and their aims will be identical; their union will accomplish the apotheosis of humanity.

With chivalry learned in an earlier, and our progressive women say a ruder age, our brothers have, in opening our ranks to us as fellow-laborers in the world's redemption, acknowledged their need of us, and proved their faith in our pledges of coöperation.

Radical and conservative may well deliberate together upon such pre-sages of the promised millenium as are offered by segregations that in tone and purpose remind the satirist of labor-unions and strikes rather than of dignified association for the elevation of a race whose destiny should be as much to women as to men.

MARION HARLAND.